

Rt 7, Frederick, Md. 21701
2/21/68

Dear Cedric,

Your letter of 1/31 arrived promptly but I was away on a prearranged investigating trip which was remarkably successful, except in terms of books sold, for they are unavailable. I continue to marvel how the fact that I speak what I think, write and speak with undisguised passion, gets through to people, even on the other side, who then get in touch with me. I can interview and tape those who will not communicate with others.

Well, it puts me very far behind, and I'm going to try and work all night tonight to catch up on the accumulated mail.

When you are at the point where you need the HUAC stuff, let me know and I'll try and dig it up. For the moment, my immediate interest is best served by silence; even though the HUAC-Internal Security-FBI alliance is trying to get attention with it. They are not yet succeeding. It will dilute what I can now do, and my most important work is not completed. It will be Tiger To Ride. I'm trying to help too many people, to supervise an amateur sleuthing circle that is doing remarkably well, and I haven't even unpacked in our new home! The immediate problem is getting the time to dig all that stuff out. I had nothing to do with the Nye investigation. I was investigator-editor of the La Follette Civil Liberties investigation, and it really had nothing to do with that, either. I was investigating Dies and had researched a book on him I never got a chance to write because other(anti-Nazi)writing prevented it. Then I went into the Army. Meanwhile, I loaned large gobs of the material to others, who without exception failed to return it. This ranged from the Hollywood 10 to lawyers.

Age and fear seems to tend to reduce heresy. I am more alone than I was, as you note. However, I find so many of the next generation, Selly's, so wonderful. I have a dozen or more working with me, throughout the country. I think most of all they are surprised that one old enough to be their father can treat them as equals, without pretense, and trust them. They are wonderful. Wish they all were.

Last book should have reached you by now.

Arnoni is a real nut. When I sent him a copy of WHITEWASH for review-and remember, it was far and away the first book, completed before any serious magazine work was done and before I was aware of any -he accused me of stealing all of it. When I demanded he prove it or apologize, and offered him all the dated takes as I sent them to the then-contracted publisher, he replied saying I was mad! His Garrison stance is, I think largely the influence of Sylvia Meagher, to whom he is close and who suffers the great tragedy of having done a good book- I think it and my first are the definitive ones-and having it redundant before it appears. So, I just leave him alone. This is the kind of thing that divides us. The biggest single cause, however, is the plain stealing and the ethics that would demean a decent barnyard. Lane is worst. He steals everything. He is haunting the Garrison of ice now to pick up everyone else's work (as we send it to Jim) so that he can have a fast book on the trial. It is difficult for the red ox not to bellow. I do not, in public. I even defend Lane on these things I can and praise him for the single real contribution he made, no matter how irresponsibly, by standing and demanding to be heard so early. But have you ever tried to coexist with a boar? For the most part, I can cooperate with the others, and do. It is the campaign against Garrison that is the immediate breach.

I suppose your analysis of the East-European publishing situation is the correct one. I've often wondered. It is self-defeating and is its own kind of suppression. Good luck. If you really mean that date, and if it becomes a general liability, I'll get it for you. Sincerely,